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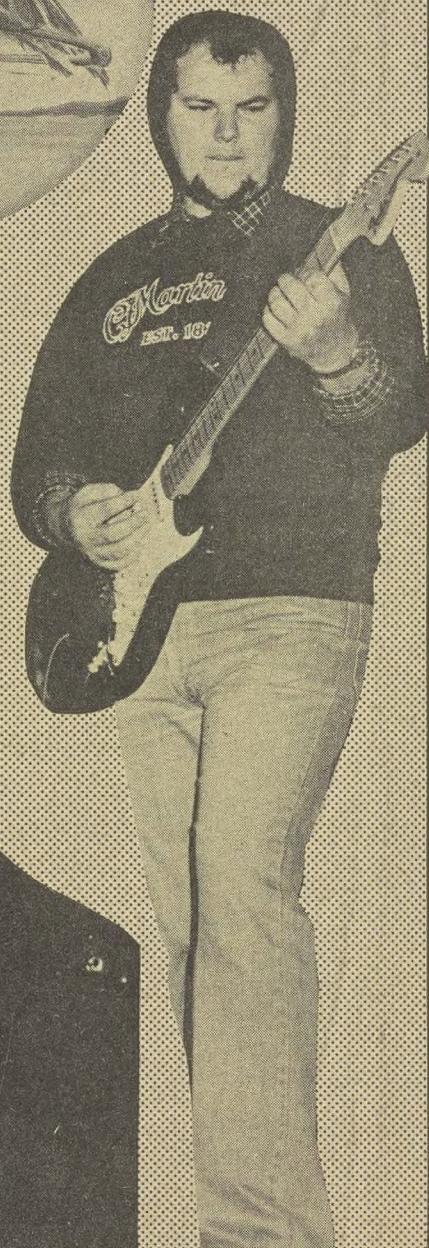
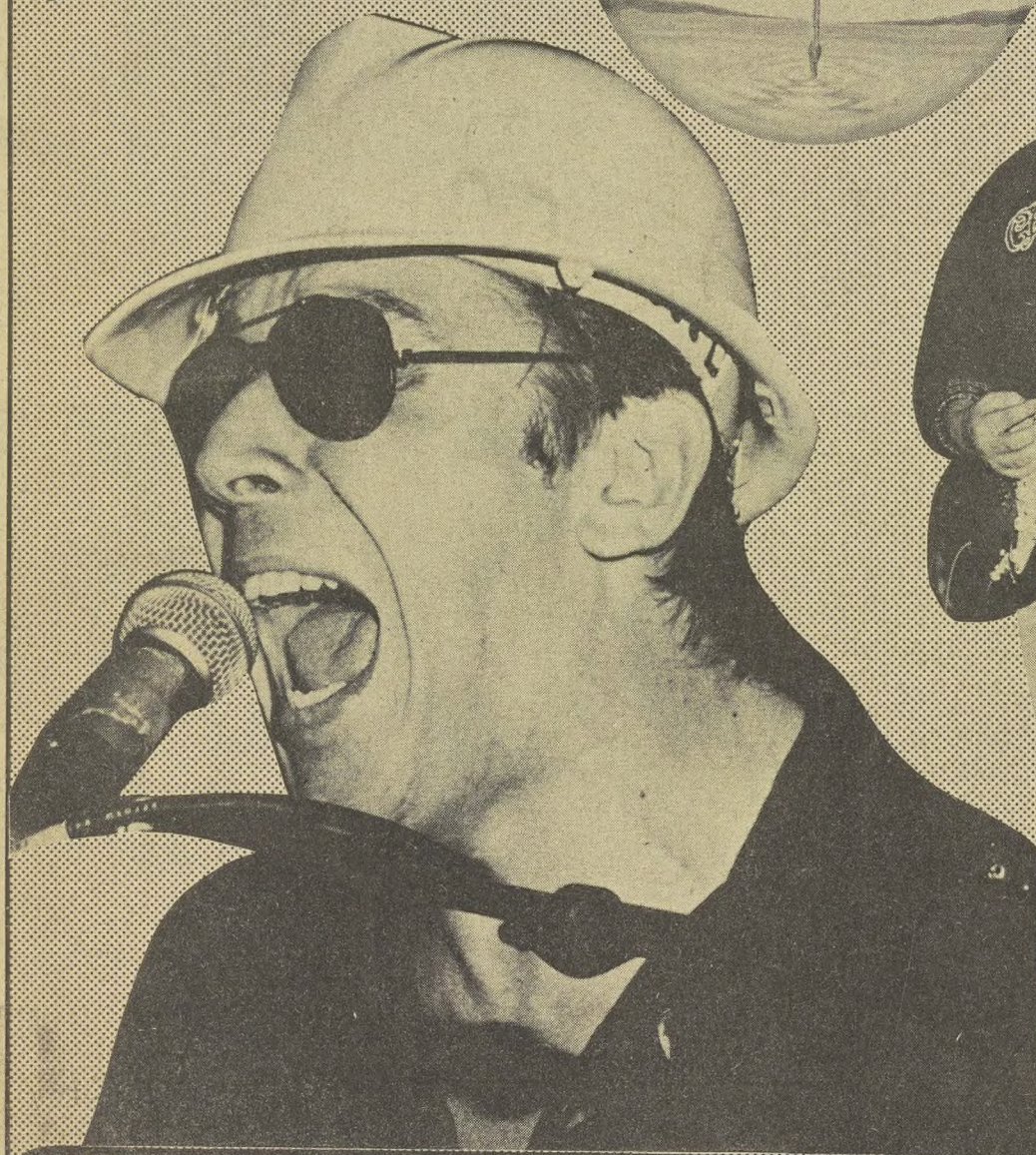
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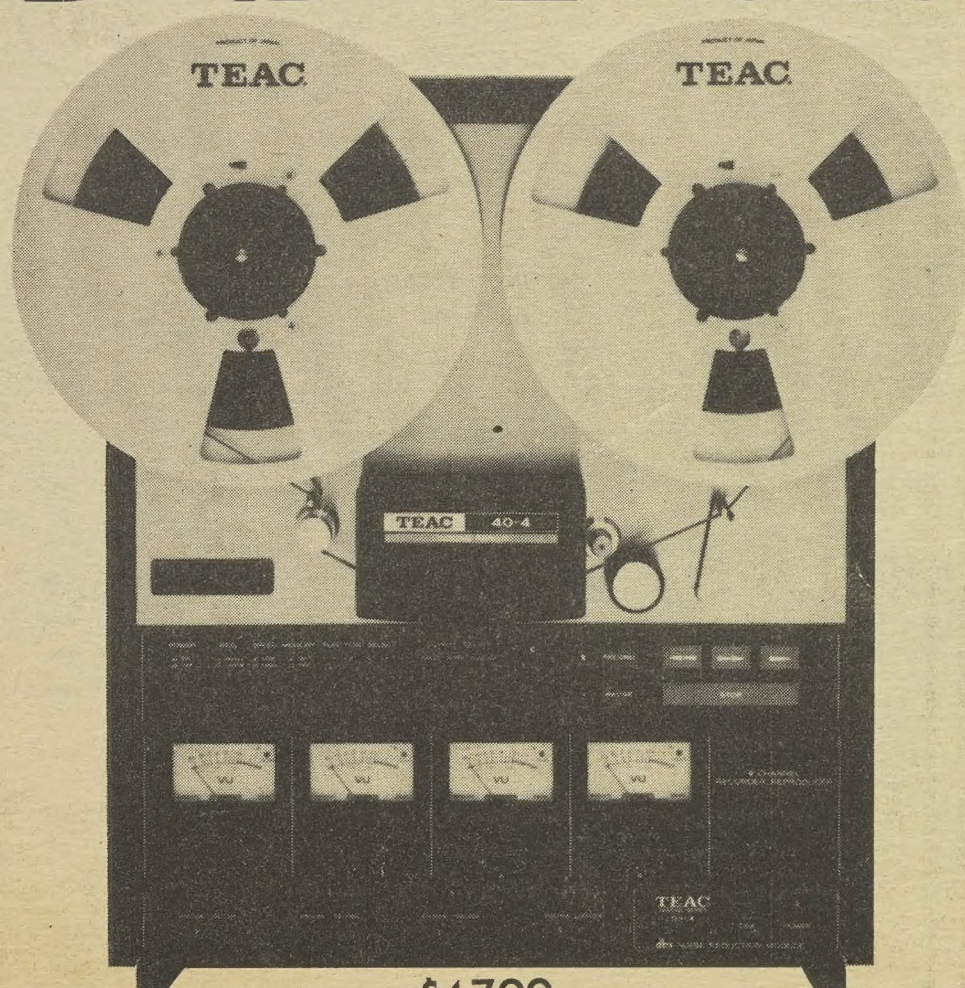


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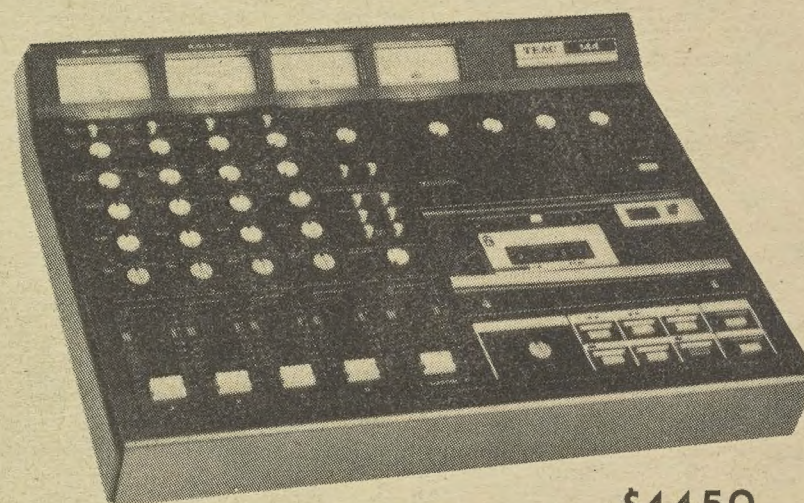
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Vol. 2 No. 11

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cover photos by Robbin Cresswell

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I hope you guys got a story with the hottest band in the U.S. right now. I'm talking about Christopher Cross when they played S.A. in March. I went to high school with them.

Robert Cantrell/S.A.

(You bet we got a story with C.C. and it's in this issue if you noted the cover. Lately it seems that everyone I meet went to school with somebody in that band except Jim Beal and myself since we dropped out our senior year in order to make it rich selling aluminum siding. — Ed.)

I'm looking forward to reading the interview with the J. Geils Band. They're my favorite group.

—Rudy Frome/Monkey Island

(Sorry, Rudy, but even though we tried out best it was not meant to be. It seems that band spokesman Peter Wolf had a sore throat and wanted to save his voice for the show in Austin. Either that or he swallowed his beard. — Ed.)

First, kudos on a great Rush article. I'm really looking forward to part two. The review of their new album was also wonderful. The guy who wrote it should get a raise or a promotion. I also enjoyed Dave Frost's B.B. King story.

—Carolyn Rodriguez/S.A.

Hey I really liked David Arthur's Rush story. I didn't know those guys were so philosophical.

—Joe Sanchez/S.A.

(The March issue with Rush on the cover was the fastest moving one in our two year history. I'm sure David Arthur's fine piece on the band helped. As far as a raise, though, I've already doubled what he's getting now. — Ed.)

Thanks for the piece on us (The Explosives) in the February issue. We liked it. I found it important, though, to clear up one hazy issue in Cam's comment on the "Live At Raul's" album project. Not all the other bands felt I sabotaged them in the mix. In fact, the Skunks said they were considering using one of their tracks for demo purposes. I can't exactly which band(s) felt that way. No one would bring the accusation to my face!

—Fred Krc/Austin

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Armadillo	Apple Records	High Times	Razzle Dazzle
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Record Town	Dyer Electronics	Musicland (all)	Sound Idea
Sound Warehouse	Custom Hi-Fi	Pro Musician	Sterling Sound Warehouse
Willy's Guitar Player	Chris Madrid's	Recordland	St. Mary's University
Oat Willy's	Drum City	Record Hole	Schlotsky's
Zebra Records	Dellview School of Guitar	Record Town (all)	Threads Etc.
Pickers Paradise	Flipside Records	Rock Around The Clock	Tiffany's
San Marcos			Trinity University
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#17—Jo "King" Carrasco, Rockpile, B-52's, Garland Jeffreys



#20—ZZ Top, '79 Opinion Poll, Kenny Loggins, Pat Metheny



#4—Patti Smith, Nick Lowe Part II, Vince Vance and the Valiants



#11—Judas Priest, Police, Rush, Angel, John Cale



#18—Riot, Axe, Crazy Cavan, Will Beeley



#21—Rush Pt. 1, B.B. King, Rick Derringer



#5—AC/DC, Yesterday & Today, Patti Smith Pt. 2



#16—Battle of Band, DEVO, Bruford



#19—Scorpions, Ramones, Roky Erikson, Point Blank



Sharon Tate's Baby!

John Bramhall

"Blood is falling on my mommy's dress and mommy's screaming 'Please don't take my baby' . . . But they cut and they slashed until they cut me out, drenched in blood with a mutilated face . . . I'm Sharon Tate's Baby, I'm all cut up!" — *The Love Theme From Sharon Tate's Baby*

"The misfits, Communists, Arabs, gays, old hippies, those are the ones who come to see us," remarked Chris Wing, founder and lead vocalist of Austin's punkier-than-thou rock group, Sharon Tate's Baby. "Because we're the most punk, the most controversial, the most driving . . . we're not playing it safe at all."

An understatement. Since the Baby's birth on Oct. 27, 1979, the group has left behind a trail of freaked, offended and outraged psyches in trekking toward their goal of shocking the supposedly unshockable.

One Dallas club banned them from appearing there after merely learning the group's provocative name. An Austin restaurant barred Wing from its premises after one of the group's stomach-wrenching posters brought a war-hardened Vietnam veteran to tears. During a recent Austin concert, while the band was playing "Burn the Flag", to date its most controversial song advocating violent overthrow of the U.S. government, one offended onlooker slung his beer can at Wing's face. As luck would have it, the can had been emptied by the thirsty thrower and thus lacked the necessary momentum to reach its intended target. One New York rock music magazine even answered correspondence from the group with a pithy postcard telling "Dear Wing — Head" that his group's music was "tasteless" and that he was "cheap scum".

"Well, we didn't expect to be

greeted with open arms by everyone," said Wing, taking all the verbal, written and physical abuse in stride. "But I like to jolt people."

Besides 36-year-old lead singer Wing, the band consists of Mark Garfinkel (sax), Kenny Monroe (drums), Bassic Lee (bass) and Alin Black (guitar), who at 19 is the "brat" of the group. Though everyone has taken part in the writing of STB's 28 original songs, Wing and Black do most of the lyrics, coming off like a twisted version of Lennon and McCartney.



Though Garfinkel suffers the stigma of holding a Master of Arts degree, Black and Wing, in true punk style, are proud high-school dropouts.

"Alin and I have always been outcasts, all our lives," said Wing. "But we're wide open and everything we say is wide open."

"We can say things that would embarrass other people," said Black.

But why on earth would they name their group *that*? Wing recalled how "when I was a screwed up teenager, I slashed both my arms with a broken beer bottle." He held up both arms,

displaying several jagged, lengthy, maroon-colored marks. Then he swallowed a number of commercial sleeping pills for good measure, waking up in a hospital several days later. John F. Kennedy, he discovered, had just been killed. It was in the fall of 1979, when Wing was morosely examining his self-butchered one evening that he remarked to a friend, "God, I feel like Sharon Tate's baby." Click.

Sharon Tate's baby; Sharon Tate's baby. The phrase kept rolling around and around hauntingly in Wing's

held tough and now it is an easy mouthful; Sharon Tate's Baby can grow on you." And so began the genesis of a group determined to make bad taste an art form.

STB's song lyrics best serve to illustrate the group's tastes and passions; many of the lines are, despite everything else, quite clever and hilarious. They reflect the group's patriotism ("Burn the flag of the United States. We're the scum that America hates" — BURN THE FLAG); their compassion for Betty Ford ("Half a woman, disgusting as shit. Half a woman, with just one tit" — HALF A WOMAN); and for Jayne Mansfield ("Everything turned red when Jaynie lost her head" — THE BALLAD OF JAYNE MANSFIELD); even their chivalry ("I get my thrills from molesting little old ladies and tripping young women about to have babies" — TEENAGE MONSTROSITY). Other songs deal with masturbation, transexuality and stuffing poodles into microwave ovens.

Yet as nauseating as STB is to many, an attempt at discerning truth and meaning in the ugliest sides of life is clearly evident. "A lot of our songs are just pieces of theatre and nothing more," claimed Wing. "But a lot of people get grossed out."

Did he think punk rock was dying out in deference to New Wave? Wing's narrow, spade-black eyes narrowed, resembling two tiny gun muzzles; his brow became knitted in a thoughtful expression.

"They're trying to kill it," Wing responded. Finally he was asked if Sharon Tate's Baby wasn't just a put-on.

"It's not a put-on. We're hard-working serious musicians who want to comment on the human condition. And I think punk rock is one of the last bastions of freedom of speech." RNR

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SPECIAL DELIVERY FROM MESSENGER

by Barrie Hurst



Mes'senger (Mes'en-ger), n. 1. One who bears a message or does an errand. 2. A forerunner; herald. 3. A band whose uncompromising style and tasty arrangements make it analogous to itself and nothing else (an accomplishment that is very rarely seen in today's musical circuits).

Messenger presents a definite style of their own even when performing such incomparables as the Rolling Stones and Fleetwood Mac. Maybe it's the riveting keyboards, played by Mike Workman, that undeniably adds a certain gutsy full-bodiedness to the music. Equally so, the drummer, Rob Young, exhibits an intuitive exactness as he beats out the tribal rhythms that are truly Messenger's. But alas, bands do not live by keyboards and drums alone. Adding to the talented list of players, Ron Rose, the lead guitarist, exempts himself from the usual "run of the mill" hard grinding class of strummers. Rather than see how many licks he can fit into a five-minute space, Ron prefers quality over quantity. Beth Hooker, following next on the list, is a talented vocalist able to belt out a soulful rendition of "Tumbling Dice" and command the assertiveness of Aretha Franklin's "Respect". Finally, completing the list of members is the bass player, Steve Zipper, who adds the funk to the music with his polyphonic prose.

Without a doubt Messenger is good, and why shouldn't they be? Three of the members, Rob, Ron and Steve are veterans of Toby Beau fame. Until June and July of '79, Toby Beau was living the dream of many bands. Signing to the tour with Bob Seger in April of '78, Toby Beau impressed audiences everywhere from the Los Angeles Forum, to the Summit in Houston, to a crowd of 60,000 in Kansas City where they performed with such well-knowns as Foreigner, Pablo Cruise, and Bob Welch. After the Seger tour, the band managed to squeeze in a short tour with the Doobie Brothers. That tour started in July of '78 and lasted until August where they rejoined their friend Bob Seger for a final swing around the country that ended in September.

Between non-stop touring and exhausting promotional parties, Toby Beau did manage to sign a recording contract with RCA. And in the three years of their popular existence the band produced two albums. The first, cleverly named **Toby Beau**, was recorded in England. The second, **More Than A Love Song**, was recorded in Miami, Florida. Added to the band's long list of accomplishments was a mellow little number called, "My Angel Baby" which received a number one rating on Billboard's easy listening charts and a number ten on Billboard's pop music charts.

However, this Cinderella story was not meant to last much longer. Because of conflicts within the immediate realm of the group the members eventually decided to part and go their separate ways. One conflict involved the band's management which was being handled by the Aucoin agency (who also have the pleasure of managing the infamous rock group KISS). Extravagance on their part created extravagant debts and thus put unnecessary strain on the group's relations. Further cause for demission was due to guitarist, Balde Silva, who wanted to explore other plateaus in music.

However, Ron, Rob, and Steve were not without their convictions. They had been playing with Messenger while, at the same time, playing with Toby Beau (though Messenger was strictly an off-the-road band). For them, Messenger provided room to expand and explore different styles and qualities in music. After awhile, the three began to feel so much satisfaction playing with Messenger that they decided to make the band a reality. Though the reality is only halfway completed. They would like to slip Cinderella's glass slipper on again and climb the ladder to success.

For now though, the band is enjoying the local audiences and the enthusiastic reception they have received from them. Currently, Messenger is playing at **Cooter Brown's** and has just signed a three-month contract with them that will begin on April 30th. After that, they will have the option of renewing it for



another three-month interval. This makes them the house band, and you can enjoy them at Cooter's every Wednesday through Saturday.

One last word, Messenger would like to put an album together

eventually, although it has not been foreseen in the near future. But just in case it is good to know that Ron, Rob, and Steve are still signed with RCA which definitely can't hurt.

RNR

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Def Leppard Pounces

Def Leppard is a five-piece band from Sheffield, England — with the emphasis on heavy. They should be just what KMAC/KISS needs to inject into the hard rock vein of San Antonio. The band is the leader of the new wave of heavy metal emerging from the mother country. They are a young outfit whose members' average age is 18, and most of them have been playing since they were kids. Def Leppard's debut Mercury

record is titled **On Through The Night**. It was produced by Tom Allom, who has produced Judas Priest and Pat Travers.

The group consists of vocalists Joe Elliot who writes the lyrics, Pete Willis and Steve Clark lead and rhythm guitars, Rick Savage on bass, and Rick Allen on drums.

Def Leppard is already big in England and their brand of bone-jarring rock should excite S.A.

Root Boy's Roots

by Ron Young

Root Boy Slim has been called the "most disgusting man in the world."

A vile, repulsive, repugnant, debased, depraved, degenerate man—a distant cousin of Tom Waits with a singing voice like a garbage disposal.

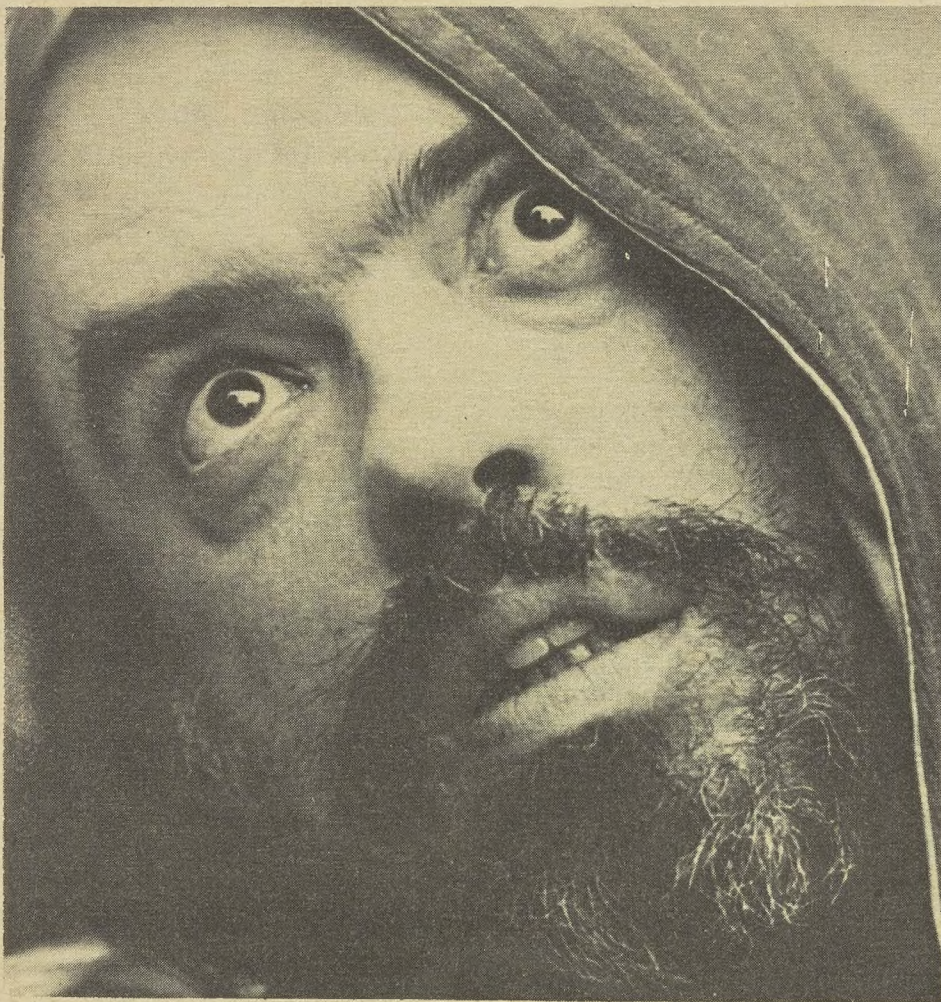
All of this may be true. But some prefer to call it . . . charisma.

Polite facts about Root Boy Slim and the Sex Change Band, with the Rootettes, are somewhat hard to come by—writers seem to dwell on the man's rather . . . flamboyant stage manner—and descriptions of Root's persona are tinged with sweaty images of a truly slimy performer.

The 230-lb. Root Boy "sweats more than James Brown". He rolls around the stage bellowing incomprehensively into his microphone about black leather sheets, adult bookstores, narcotics, horizontal behavior on the dance floors, World War III and his essentially paternal attitude toward very young female hitchhikers, said **Melody Maker**.

His red hot R&B band pumps out a stream of funny funk and raunchy rock. "Songs about sex and drugs are more to the point than love songs—more relative to the man on the street (yeah, if that man is local scene editor Jim Beal.)"

Root Boy (alias Foster McKenzie III) attended Yale where he eventually crossed paths with Bob Greenlee, (a.k.a. Rattlesnake Rattles), an oversized law student who spent his spare time on the college's football team ("I was bigger and faster than anyone else—a natural"). The Miami Dolphins drafted Rattles, "but then I thought to myself, 'Do I want to be a has-been at 35 and walk funny?'" The two formed a soul band, Prince La La and Percy Uptight, but by Root's own admission, "The band was terrible, never played the same place twice." Those were the days when he used to shoot himself in the head with a blank gun onstage. Eventually Rattles took off to Florida, where he and guitarist Ernie "Sex-Ray" Lancaster occasionally did demos for a country singer. Root joined later and the three began writing their legacy of tunes—"I Was A Go-Go Boy In The Mark Spitz Show", "Naughty But Nine", and "A Lot Of Songs About Pat Nixon", says Rattles. "We had some really disgusting material, and this was an era where disgust was really not in. At that point it wasn't even a band. And it was all blues. Finally we had a brainstorm to introduce the fat-back beat, the James Brown beat."



They got a gig in Washington, D.C., and Rattles and Sex-Ray invited Root along for the ride. He composed "You Broke My Mood Ring" on the drive up, and was persuaded to perform it with the band

"The act was called Danny Dollar and Change, so Root decided if he was to play with the group, it should be called Root Boy Slim And The Sex Change Band. That's how it got started," Rattles says.

A demo tape of "Boogie 'Til You Puke" found its way to a Washington radio station and requests for the song began pouring in. The act soon became a draw at local clubs.

Root Boy's time had come. **Steely Dan's** Donald Fagen and Walter Becker heard the tapes, and their producer, Gary Katz introduced the act to Warner Brothers Records. The debut album was recorded at a staggering cost of \$250,000, but due to circumstances beyond the Sex Change's control, the album was destined for only underground classic status and eventually cut-out bin city. It did however yield the anthem "Boogie 'Til You Puke". Warner's finally gave them \$40,000 to just leave.

Root Boy wasn't down for the count though—he and the band wrote a new batch of songs, ("World War III—Jesus behind a plow down South cookin' bar-b-que amidst world chaos, "Do The Gator"—America really gets down on the dance floor, and "The Loneliest Room In The World"—Barry White breaks down), and produced another album with Root providing lyrics and Sex-Ray and Rattles handling

the music.

A chance meeting with England's Ian Dury (a member of the weird wave himself) laid the seeds for the group's current success story as he invited them to open for his 1979

European tour. And most recently Root Boy & Co. has been seen in the film **Mr. Mike's Mondo Video** and although many considered the movie to be a waste of petroleum Root's performance has been highly praised.

Root Boy Slim and the Sex Change Band is comprised of E. "Sex-Ray" Lancaster on guitars, keyboardist W.W. "Lounge Lizard" Kelly, Albert "Kung-Fu" Bashor on drums, Rattlesnake Rattles on 5-string bass, and the versatile Jones Boys Horns featuring Ron Holloway on sax (who has played with Sonny Rollins, Dizzy Gillespie and Freddie Hubbard), and Marshall Keyes on alto sax, along with the two sleazy backup singers and dancers the Rootettes.

Zoom, their new release on Illegal Records, is an experience in slobbering sensuality. America may soon be so susceptible to Gatoritis that Jerry Lewis may stage a telethon in Vegas this year to help raise funds to aid people who already suffer from this crazy dance disease. See Root Boy when he comes to your town at your own risk. Once his show starts no one will be allowed to leave the theater. **RNR**

ROCK & ROLL

Johnny B. Goodes

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Rush chose to rehearse at

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concert, wishes Frank & Co.

well on the rest of their tour.

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Ready For Reggae?

Part 2
by Jack Kanter

Just as there are awful records in pop, there are some true lemons in reggae. While this article is not the final judgement, some records are worthy of note. For the person just beginning to start a reggae collection below is a list of essentials.

Two great samplers of Jamaican music that you might want to start out with are movie soundtracks. From 1973, **The Harder They Come** by Jimmy Cliff, Desmond Dekker, Toots and the Maytals, and others. Cliff, as star of the film, is the featured performer on the Lp. This is the best of his material, including the title cut, "Sitting In Limbo", and "Many Rivers To Cross". Another classic on here is Toots Hibbler's "Pressure Drop", one of the most-favored of reggae songs among both audience and performers alike.

From 1979, a new film which has yet to be distributed in the U.S. is **Rockers**. It's soundtrack was compiled by Chris Blackwell, the president of Island Records. Blackwell has assembled the best material by the most prominent Jamaican stars. These include Junior Murvin's "Police an Thieves" (also covered on the first Clash Lp), Peter Tosh's "Stepping Razor", "Rockers" by Bunny

Wailer, as well as incredibly likeable cuts from Jacob Miller and Inner Circle, Burning Spear, Third World, and Gregory Isaacs. Blackwell also included songs by some artists not well known outside Jamaica like Kiddus I, the Upsetter (Lee Perry), the Maytones, and Junior Byles. Because of the variety and the overall appeal, I would wholeheartedly recommend **Rockers** as an essential part of any good record collection.

Some reggae recordings have been taken apart by their producers (or others) and remixed with only a few of the song's original tracks. This new mix usually includes a few

extra special effects, such as heavy reverb in selected spots, or sudden prominence of a particular instrument or voice. Usually, voices are left out. These remixed recordings are known as "dub". Dub records are quite interesting when compared to their originals. However, unless you know a record inside out, a dub would probably wear thin quickly.

One artist in particular has attempted to combine dub techniques to his regular recordings. The man is U-Roy. From his first records for Virgin, U-Roy has steadily added traces of dub to his basic tracks. His

most recent Lp, **Jah Son Of Africa**, has fully incorporated dub. U-Roy's voice is like no other. It's one of the most pleasing to listen to in all recorded music, as much as Pavarotti's strength or Jaggar's coarseness. **Jah Son Of Africa** is his best Lp thus far. You may not be able to understand all the words at first. As with any great record, repeated listenings bring new pleasures.

For romantics we have Gregory Isaacs. Isaacs can seduce you to believe anything ("My relationship with you, I will never be untrue"), or he can cut with razor sharpness ("Please don't treat me so unkind. 'Cos if you do I'll explode your daughter's mind".) His sensuality is unmatched. Either **Soon Forward** or **Cool Ruler** are both fine Lps.

The records and artists mentioned above are some of the best and most readily available in this region. One more thing: when you're shopping, ask your dealer for the American pressing of an Lp if it's on the Virgin or Island/Mango labels. Many now have been issued in the U.S., making it possible for the buyer to save money instead of paying exorbitant prices for imports. Happy skanking! (That's dancing.) RNR



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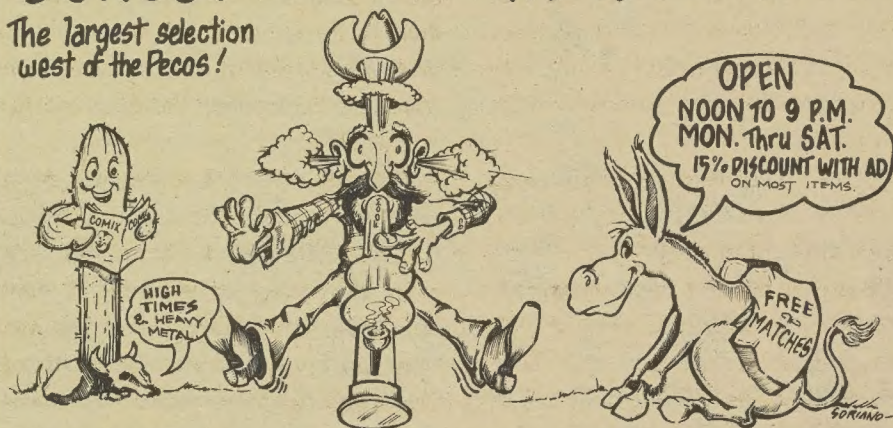
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Rush Makes Waves

Part 2
by David Arthur

In part one of The Rush Interview, Geddy Lee, bassist and lead singer for the band, discussed their new album, current political situations, critical disapproval, and the group's thematic considerations. (If you hurry you might be able to still find copies of the last issue). In the conclusion of the interview, other similar disclosures shall be made. Interested? Then read on.

It seems that in your music, especially "The Fountain of Lamenth" (from the Lp Caress of Steel), you perceive life as a series of goals.

"Yeah, well, you're given maybe seventy years on this planet. What do you do with it? Whatever you decide to do is right, really. There's no one to say it's wrong. It's a totally individual view.

For me, the most I can get out of these seventy years, if I'm lucky, is to set goals for myself of a certain kind, try to achieve them, and go on to do something else, and keep myself entertained throughout that. Which is really all you can do, from the way I see it. Others have a different view of it. Others have a view that there's no right, and there's no wrong. There's just things that you do.

But you're living in a world with other people so you can't ignore it. You can't be cruel to those others. You try to set some kind of plan, without getting too specific. It's what you're taught when you're little. Gotta be a good boy, gotta get smarter. You don't ever really erase that, no matter what kind of lifestyle you choose to live. I've never erased that feeling that I have to grow, and not just physically, but mentally. And this dance that I do is just one way of growing."

But don't you feel that competitiveness and blind ambition increases the friction inherent in society?

"But is it blind? I think most people are intelligent, and have enough honesty in them to not want to hurt each other. If the only crime is cruelty, you can achieve all those goals and not be cruel. I have done it.

I think man is basically good. You can talk about it forever. It all comes down to you: what are you going to do? Are you going to believe that man is shit, and just try to get what you can while you're here? Or are you going to believe that life is worthwhile, and people are good, and that there are basic things which transcend all other things like human dignity, and the desire to expand? For the more you learn about yourself, the more you learn about people.



Call it competitiveness, call it what you will. In the end result you haven't just learned, just gotten this goal. It's not the goal you're after, it's the time it takes for you to get from here to that goal, where you learn a whole bunch of things. The time to choose another goal comes when you realize that 'hey, I've been sitting here in this room too long, now I'll try that room over there'. It's like doing a concert in Austin is just doing a concert in Austin, but it's the time that it takes for me to get from this show in Austin to the next time I'm in Austin. I guarantee I'll be a different person. I'll know a whole lot more."

It seems that there's a lot of Ayn Rand in your outlook. Looking out for yourself.

There's some. It's really very easily misinterpreted. I look out for myself, of course. Everyone does. But it's more than that. I love myself. I want to see myself grow. But along the way you learn the better things about other people too. You have to share the same space with a lot of people, a lot of times. The more you're aware of all kinds of things, the easier it is to relate to others. It takes a certain amount of awareness just to hold this conversation, and understand what we are talking about.

It is selfish, but not in the connotation it's usually taken, to want to look out for yourself, and make sure that you're a real full person. But is it selfish to want to do that so that I can talk to others?

It's a really mixed up world, but in the end the result is that you try to

make some kind of order out of it. At least, I do."

I think everyone needs some order.

"Yeah, to some degree. I know some people who do what they want when they want, who don't see time as finite. But the world is pretty chaotic. I know some people who love it. (Laughs). But I need some kind of order. But some need chaos to survive."

It seems to me that's what Hemispheres is about, survival of not just the mind, but of the creative awareness within a person.

"It is. Those things, heart and mind, are metaphysical. That whole story takes place with people who don't have any physical being. It's a purely spiritual thing. All it takes is a couple of meals a day to keep your physical being alive."

Do you believe in metaphysical beings? Or Being, as in a Master of the Universe?

"No, I'd like to say that I don't know enough to say that, but I can't really believe that there is a "Master Being" anywhere. That we're just little puppets. That we're His entertainment. As Woody Allen says 'If that's true, then I think all you can say about Him is that He is an underachiever'. I think that's a real succinct way of putting it.

We're just molecules, and there's energy up there that flows within us, and somewhere that energy and the molecules meet. And a soul happens. You could go on this forever. You can't come up with an answer, you can only have a personal belief. Logic

has no place in religion."

That's true, for why does God need worship? Why is there organized religion?

"Exactly. Religion is blind belief. It says believe in this, you have no choice. And there are so many different religions. Religion doesn't make sense to any logical being.

But the one thing religion clings on to is its moral value. You can't argue with its moral value. When you're a little baby the easiest way to teach you morals is to say that there's a big guy up stairs who will send you to hell unless you act right. Religion is a desperate try to give people some sense of morals but it does so out of fear rather than logic.

Rather than saying logically to a little child, 'Ok, if you do this it's bad 'cause it will hurt this person, or because you're going to hurt yourself', they will say you've got to act like this or you will go to hell and stay there forever. You can see it was designed to instill a sense of right and wrong, but it's gotten way out of hand. It's just a crutch."

A question that always bothers me about religion is that it seems only suffering can bring out greatness. If there is a God, why do you have to suffer? Why are some unequal to others? Why isn't life fair, if there's a God?

"I agree. Why, why, why, why . . . I've asked myself those things a hundred times. The only thing you can do is make yourself strong enough to proceed in your direction. And if someone tells you that you can't do that, you tell them where to go. If anything is going to uphold freedom it's going to be the individual sticking to what he is. Hopefully there are enough people out there with the strength to say 'Fuck off. You're not going to change what I think' " RNR

LOCAL NEWS

Blaze is a local bar band that's been together in various forms for about eight months. They play top-40 rock like The Knack, Stones and Led Zep. When I saw them at **Johnny B. Goode's** they were pretty loose but keyboardist Louis Parra told me they were still working out the kinks and trying to get a style that all the members are happy with. The other band members are Ken Davis — lead singer, Grant Warrens — guitar, Rudy Penzor — bass, and Mike Thomas — drums.

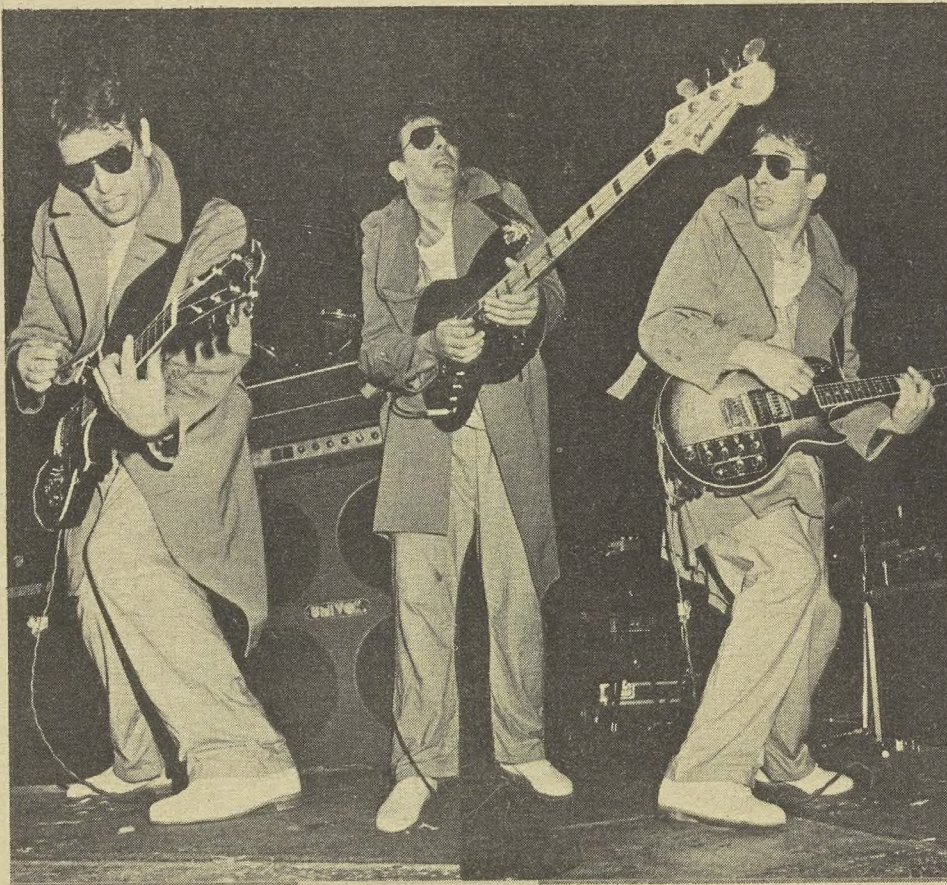
READY FOR CALE?

by Jack Kanter

The memory of John Cale's performance last year in San Antonio lives in infamy, along with Bob Dylan's performance at the Newport Folk Festival in 1965. Those were two of the few times that an audience has actually hounded a performer from the stage. Most of the blame for the concert last year at Sunken Gardens lies with the promoters, as Cale should never have been paired with as conventional a group as Iron Butterfly. One year later, Cale returned to San Antonio in a more appropriate spot, a small club called Skip Willys.

I think sophisticated raunchiness is an appropriate term to describe this concert. Cale's music is widely varied. He has a flair for a catchy melody ("Fear Is A Man's Best Friend"; "Dr. Mudd"), storytelling ("The Jeweller"), or an impromptu/improvisational song ("Even Cowgirls Get the Blues", "Rape"). His interpretations of old hits add a sense of the surreal. His version of "Heartbreak Hotel" is so chilling that, as one writer put it, "the song could curdle milk."

Cale began his career co-founding the Velvet Underground in the late '60s. That group also spawned recognition of Lou Reed, Nico and Austin Yoko Sterling Morrison. After the Velvet's demise, he went on to do production work on albums by The Stooges, Nico, and off in right field Barbara Streisand. His most significant solo Lps were released by Island Records, which include *Fear*, *Slow Dazzle*, and *Helen of Troy*. During his long time association with Island, Cale



(photos by Robbin Creswell)

worked with notables like Brian Eno, Robert Fripp, and Chris Spedding. He received critical acclaim for his work, but never sold many records outside of his cult audience. Aside from playing producer for The Modern Lovers, Patti Smith, and Squeeze, Cale helped put together Illegal Records and his own Spy Records, which is now distributed in America by the International Recording Syndicate.

Cale's performance at Skip Willys presented an opportunity for the band to stretch out and relax onstage. Unfortunately, this didn't happen until after the regular set of music. The scene of people dancing so close to the stage was unusual to them, the bad acoustics of the club, hindered this expectation. Despite all the negative factors of this gig, the band was

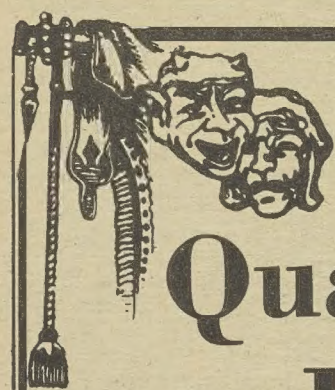
able to play a very tight yet abbreviated set. New guitarist Sturgis Nikides, formerly of Rex, powered out the riffs originally set down by Marc Aaron, who has gone on to form his own group. Nikides, as with all guitarists Cale employs, has a special instinctiveness for playing mellifluous solos that make all the Frank Marinos and Ted Nugents pale in comparison. The rest of the band included Peter Munny on bass, Robert Medichi on drums, Joe Bidewell on keyboards, and Deerfrance, percussionist and siren extraordinaire. Her sweet tones and forceful harmonies were the perfect compliment to Cale's coarseness and aggressiveness.

Cale played most of the material from *Sabotage*, his latest Lp, (on Spy/IRS records) including "Mercenaries",

It's Only Rock'N'Roll, April 1980 an unrelenting criticism of hired murderers. The thump-along bass line and raucous guitar fills make this song instantly memorable. Another trademark of John Cale, featured in "Mercenaries", as well as "Fear Is A Man's Best Friend", is his inimitable howl. The man gets so worked up over the lyrics he sings that his intensity of expression is enough to send chills down the listeners' spines. You know in your heart that it's all an act, but Cale can make you forget that fact. He has the ability, like many blues and gospel singers and few rock stars, to pull from inside himself and make the listener suspend his/her disbelief for a while. This is Cale's most alluring quality. He also played old favorites like "Dirtyass Rock and Roll", which is just as the title describes, and the Velvet Underground classic "Waiting For My Man". Cale donned his viola to play "Rape (You Held Me Down)", an instrument he helped electrify and incorporate into rock in his days with the Velvets. The band closed the regular set with "Sabotage", during which Deerfrance accidentally cracked one of her marimba while she was caught up in the swell of the moment. It didn't seem to matter as the action fit in perfectly with the song.

The crowd demanded an encore which is typically "Pablo Picasso". The band finally stretched out on this number. Each member shared the spotlight as the song progressively hypnotized the audience to an excruciatingly loud climax. The jam lasted at least fifteen minutes. The concert had jelled nicely as the final chords were played.

Cale had predicted on that infamous day last year that "Next year, they'll be ready." He did return to a ready audience. His ground has finally been forged in the heavy metal heart of America. RNR



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TEXAS ROCK NEWS

S.A. NEWS

Mirage is a local heavy outfit that regularly plays at the **Opryhouse** (which has just been renovated). This talented band consists of Erick Pinsor on lead guitar, Mike Muniz on bass, Hector Valdez on rhythm and Norman Barilleaux on drums. They play typical heavy metal fare like Aerosmith, Van Halen and Trapeze. But despite the talent in the band, especially guitarist Pinsor, they play as if they're already in the arena and not in a small club. They have strobe lights (but don't use them properly). They even have electric fans on stage to blow their hair!

And as far as intensity of sound, you don't dance to their music so much as the floor vibrates.

CHRISTOPHER CROSS: WITH A BULLET

by Robbin Cresswell



Nearly ten years ago a San Antonio-based band named Flash played Sam Kinsey's Teen Canteen quite frequently. They soon gained something of a reputation as a first rate rock group opening for such

heavy metal acts as Led Zeppelin, Deep Purple and ZZ Top. The Teen Canteen and the band Flash are no more but the club's site is now where Skip Willy's stands and Christopher Cross came back last month to play

their old home turf before going on to bigger things. At press time their debut album was number 46 with a bullet after only four weeks on Billboard's chart.

Flash's pivotal member was Chris Cross, a singer and guitarist who left the band in 1973 to devote more time to this own material. That material, however, was not to reach a point its author was satisfied with until almost five years later.

In the meantime, Cross cast around among the Austin-San Antonio musical community for like-minded musicians and finally pulled together a tight quartet of friends consisting of himself on acoustic and electric guitar and vocals, keyboardist Rob Meurer, bassist Andy Slamon, and Tommy Taylor on drums. The Criss Cross group began a series of local gigs, playing mainly cover material, as all bar bands do when they first start out, while the polishing process on Cross' original tunes continued. The band attracted the attention of manager Tim Neece and shortly after, that of Michael Brovsky, who had recently moved part of his New York based Free Flow productions to Austin and

was building a studio. Brovsky took the foursome into intense recording sessions that lasted all of a year; again, striving for that special sound, this time for a demo tape.

At last, on Halloween night, 1978, the band was ready. For the first time anywhere, the Christopher Cross band as they were now called, played their own songs at the Austin nightclub, The Alamo Roadhouse. In the audience were representatives of Warner Bros. Records. Three months later the band was signed to the label.

A trip to Los Angeles was the next move, and a production conference with producer Michael Omartian, who had steered some of the sessions of Cross' favorite band, Steely Dan. Finally work was begun on the debut album. Word of the special quality of Cross' music quickly spread through the LA musical grapevine. Labelmate Nicolette Larson was recording next door and she was so taken with the band that she ended up singing on one of the albums highlights "Say You'll Be Mine." Eagle Don Henley and pal J.D. Souther also cut some vocal tracks with the band, as did Doobie Brother Mike McDonald, Valerie Carter and others. Even guitar wizard Larry Carlton added his talents along with a host of studio notables.

The result was one of the most auspicious debuts of the season. *Christopher Cross* is an album of well conceived material highlighted by tunes such as "Ride Like The Wind" and "Say You'll Be Mine", the Lps two hit singles. *Christopher Cross* is selling like last years *Get The Knack*.

As far as the band's performance last month, it was standing room only and they were well received. But the fact that their album had all those "superstars" on it seemed to hurt the band in concert. They couldn't reproduce Nicolette Larson or Don Henley. "Ride Like the Wind" lost much of its power without Mike McDonald's voice to sing counter to Cross'. It's great to have "superstars" drop in to add something to your album, especially if it helps it sell; but perhaps it's both a blessing and a curse on a first album. This is something Christopher Cross will have to deal with as they become more successful.

RNR

The *Scorpions*, "Animal Magnetism", should be released anytime soon. They'll follow up its release with an extensive tour starting in late May.

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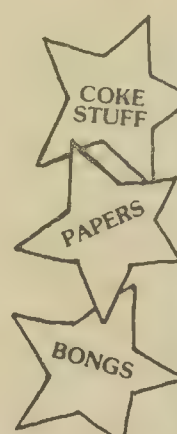
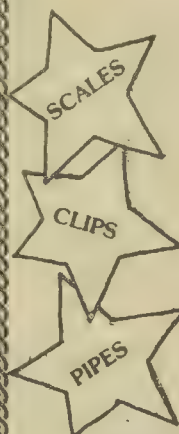


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A HEAD IN EVERYTHING

A. GRIMM VIEWPOINT

by Clyde Kimsey

Alan Grimm is the new afternoon disc jockey on KISS radio (99.5) but he is certainly not a newcomer to San Antonio radio. He's the father of album-oriented radio (AOR) in South Texas.

Grimm was majoring in Radio and Television at San Antonio College in 1968 when he first thought of the idea of a "free-form" radio format. Later this idea would evolve into KEXL.

He heard the long version of the Iron Butterfly's "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vidda" and thought to himself "Wouldn't it be neat to hear the long version on the radio." He then went to KITE-FM and talked to station manager Jordan Sawyer about having his own program to play his own selections. Mr. Sawyer agreed and gave Alan the 11 to 1:00 A.M. slot each night. This was during the period when other free-form stations were popping up all over the country, although, Alan wasn't aware of it.

KITE-FM's ratings weren't very high so they formed KEXL in 1969 and it flourished until March of 1977. Even though he was station manager from '75 to '77, Alan feels its best years were from '69-'74 when they were small and struggling and were without a format.

What follows is an interview with Alan Grimm in which he talks about his days with KEXL and what he's doing today with KISS.

It's whole new ball game now. All of a sudden, people who had their fingers on the pulse of what was going on no longer do. All of a sudden, groups that were the definition of the times — no longer are.

—(Paul Collins of The Beat)



RNR: Looking back today, what would you have done differently at KEXL?

Alan Grimm: I wouldn't have done anything differently. I just wish KEXL had had more freedom to go its own way without someone telling us how to do it.

I also feel that I shouldn't have played progressive country. I played it because it was becoming popular, but now I feel that it caused us to lose some listeners.

RNR: Why did KEXL leave the air?

AG: There were several reasons. The main one being that the Double-day Corporation (who owned it) wanted out of San Antonio.

RNR: Then, it wasn't because of the rumored bad ratings?

AG: No, they will say it was forever, but it wasn't. Maybe we didn't show strong in numbers but we knew the listeners were out there. We knew people listened to our radio station. When you throw a free rock concert as we did at Olmos Park when 45,000 people came, you know you have a lot of listeners. To hell with ratings!

RNR: What did you think of KISS radio while you were at KEXL?

AG: I thought they filled a necessary gap. They were providing S.A. with types of music that KEXL didn't play. We were after an older audience.

RNR: What do you think of KISS now and why did you wait several years to get back into radio?

AG: When KEXL went off I personally went through a lot of ups and downs. I was thoroughly disappointed with radio and didn't want to have anything to do with it. As far as KISS' format goes, I believe that stations like us should play all types of music.

RNR: What kind of jobs did you have during that time?

AG: I was a disco DJ at Deja Vu. I hated it; it was pure torture. I dislike that whole disco lifestyle. It was hard to accustom my mind to keep

up with it because I couldn't understand it. I couldn't tell a good disco song from a bad one. So, right now I'm three years behind with the rock scene and it's hard to catch up, but I'm trying.

RNR: How'd you get on at KISS?

AG: Joe Anthony asked me if I wanted to get back into radio. I wasn't too enthused but I went to talk to Lou Roney, who is now station manager. Lou and I talked and I decided to join the station.

RNR: How much control do you have over the music you play?

AG: Complete. It's like the good old days for me.

RNR: How is a DJ supposed to know what his audience wants?

AG: I don't go by record sales. I may be selfish but I feel that I have a lot of musical knowledge and the listeners like what I'm doing. I'm going through a real hard time right now trying to play what I want and still please Joe Anthony. He's been doing the 12-4 shift for eight years and he has his audience. Here I am, the new kid playing Moody Blues and Dave Mason.

I recently got a letter from a guy who came down on me for playing mellow music. He felt KISS was selling out. My answer to him is that every time I play Judas Priest I feel like I'm selling out. But I play it because they want to hear it.

RNR: What music do you play and listen to now, any New Wave?

AG: Warren Zevon, Gary Numan, The Beat, Christopher Cross and jass-oriented music like Bruce Cockburn.

RNR: How do you feel music in general has changed since KEXL faded?

AG: Music has become mediocre in that for years everytime I turned on the radio all I heard was disco, which I hated. But I think (rock) music has gotten more sophisticated. **RNR**

CONCERT GUIDE AUSTIN

4 / 9—The Pretenders/Armadillo

4/11—Bob Seger, The Rockets/U.T. Special Events Center

4/15—Bert Jansch/Armadillo

4/16—Taj Mahal/Armadillo

4/17—Garfield/Armadillo

4/18—Dave Brubeck/Armadillo

4/19—Bugs Henderson / Armadillo

4/23—Doc & Merle Watson/Armadillo

4/24 & 25—Jerry Jeff Walker/Soap Creek Saloon

4/25—Flora Purim, Passenger/Armadillo

4/26—Sonny Rollins/Armadillo

4/30—Linda Ronstadt, Danny Kortchmar/U.T. Special Events Center

5 / 3—John Hartford, Uncle Walt's Band/Armadillo

5 / 3—Splash Day (4 Punk Bands) / Manor Downs

HOUSTON

4 / 6—Cheap Trick/Music Hall

4/9&10—Bob Seger/Summit

4/12—Journey/Summit

4/20—Judy Collins/Music Hall

4/28—Linda Ronstadt, Danny Kortchmar/Summit

SAN ANTONIO

4/19—Christopher Cross/Laurie Auditorium

5/1 - UFO, Triumph/Arena

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The JAM Kick 'Em Out



The J. GEILS BAND Without A Beard

by Clyde Kimsey



Rock'n'Roll HEART



MAHOGANY RUSH: Roll Over Jimi Hendrix

R. Forrest

DAVID'S DUSTY DISCS BY DAVID FROST

TO BUY OR NOT TO BUY

People expect certain businesses to be hipper than others. We have this belief that dealers in the aesthetic/artistic realms — books, records, paintings, spiritual guidance — to be somewhat more humane and less mercenary than those who sell insurance or used cars. That can lead to problems when it comes to prices. Everyone doesn't always agree on what's fair.

This brings me to a letter from two of our readers, Paul Ramon and Long John, who wrote to complain about the price of bootleg Lps in San Antonio. Their profusely-illustrated polemic contends that some locally-available bootlegs carry price tags that are far out of proportion to their quality, fidelity and rarity. Paul and Long John quite rightly point out that the discerning collector can look through music magazines and find the same albums offered by mail at lower cost. Innocent people, it seems, are being taken advantage of.

Or are they? Again, what's fair? The writers mentioned a certain dealer as the source of this unhappiness. I know the guy, and he's always treated me fairly in buying, selling and trading. Of course, I've

got a pretty good idea of what the market in collectable records really is; if I don't like his prices, I either bargain with him or leave him alone. A new collector could get burned, by anyone, out of honest ignorance or blatant greed on the part of the seller. Or maybe one seller has higher costs than another, or can't buy his merchandise in quantity, or whatever. Things are seldom as simple as they seem.

I'm not going to take sides on this issue. I will say that everyone gets burned once in awhile — dope deals, record deals, relationships, jobs, what-have-you. It's part of life. It's also part of learning the territory. Many's the time that I, and every other collector in the world, have paid too much for one record or received too little for another. The more I learn the territory, the more often I make good deals.

It all depends on the situation, and the best situation is where both parties are happy and satisfied. Maybe the local prices for bootleg Lps are higher than in New York or Seattle . . . but if the local buyers don't care, or if they don't take the time to shop around by mail, or if they want a certain record **right now**, who's to say what's right or wrong?

Not me. Besides, any serious collector will soon stumble across a copy of **Trouser Press**, **Goldmine**, **Bomp Magazine**, **NME** or **New York Rocker**, answer the ads and start dealing by mail if the prices and ser-

vice are better. I do know that knowledge is power and that the marketplace is a good leveler. If anything is priced too high, people will eventually stop buying it. Or buy from someone else. **RNR**

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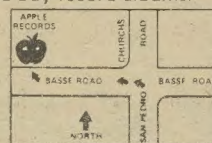


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Ramones/End of the Century/Sire "Do You Remember Rock'n'Roll Radio" is a good introduction song which sounds like a march enticing us to listen to the rest of the Lp. Unfortunately the rest of the album doesn't live up to the above anthem. At times, Joey's singing sounds forced and lacks the sincerity of their Lps. Clearly the Ramones are tired of being an "all press no pay" band and this album tries to be more accessible by trying to tone-down their dangerous "chain-saw" type songs. The Ramones have pulled their punches on this Lp and for the most part their producer "the immortal" Phil Spector has failed to replace it with anything. If they'd wanted to become more accessible to the mainstream rock - buying public they should've played along the lines of "I Wanna Be Sedated" off their **Road To Ruin** Lp.

They perform the Ronnettes' "Baby I Love You" (which Spector co-wrote) and Phil gets some improvement on this song. "Rock 'n'-Roll High School" is remixed from the sound-track version and is now almost as exciting as P.J. Soles' version. But the weakness is in the songs themselves because they lack and clear melodies or hooks. Overall the Ramones sound suppressed. This is their last chance to make it and it's must or bust. Sadly though, with this album the Ramones truly 'leave home'. Home sweet home. (C+)

**Clyde Kimsey

Heart/Bebe le Strange/Epic First of all, I'll be honest. I bought this Lp for its cover. Ann and Nancy Wilson should be banned from record jackets because no male buyer is able to resist anything with their picture on it. Right, Monte? On with it.

Since their last few cuttings have been rather bland, uncertain, cute, artsy and generally not up to the promise of their incredible debut Lp, I didn't expect much. Maybe they's why this is so good.

The "progressive" label (they were never progressive) should be destroyed with this Lp — since it's mostly straight ahead rock'n'roll, with excellent music. Lyrics do need improvement, but for the Wilsons I'll forgive anything.

Nancy sings a beautiful ballad, "Raised on You" and plays all the instruments on it. Ann also performs one under similar circumstances. The band, however, needs work but their, uh, I mean, it's foundation is firm. If you know what I mean.**David Arthur

D.L. Byron/This Day and Age/Arista He's got one foot in yester-rock but he's heading into tomorrow. With his first Lp Byron could easily be standing in the same place Tom Petty has just reached. His voice is a mixture of Costello/Springsteen/Petty. His band, Protector 4, is as rough and ready as Petty's Heartbreakers. But the rub is in the stellar tunes Byron's written. After being dissatisfied being a staff writer for a publishing house he's made the right move. Production by Jimmy Iovine is impeccable. Don't pass this one up.**R.Y.

Mannequin/Return To Cinder (EP)/Closet Records "Poodle In The Microwave" the instrumental that kicks this EP off is one of the best things I've heard from anyone in a long time. It's a delicate balance of slashing power chords and deft fretwork. Calypso-punk and perfect before a news break on any radio station. "Trust In Authority" besides sporting a compelling melody shows just how well Mannequin uses the studio. The swelling rhythmic undercurrent drags the listener in like a whirlpool. "Trouble In The City" has a Rolling Stones-like drive to it and the hand claps add spice to an already excellent cut, written as is "Authority" by Gary Davenport. The one clinker is "In the 20th Century" which sounds like a Talking Heads throwaway. The EP climaxes with a rocker written and sung by bassist Jack Smith called "Elizabeth Loves My Girl" which is in a Lou Reed vein (no pun intended).

Overall it's a fine record and is well worth the asking price. It's expertly produced by Mannequin and Mark Champion.**RY

The Knack/But The Little Girls Understand/Capitol More cynical power pop from the most dishonest band I know. But they play like they mean it and they play for keeps. Yes, I know they're just a fad and they'll be gone before your face clears up, but I don't care. I'm having a rave-up over this band. If all music was this dirty we wouldn't learn about it in the street, but rather on the radio. Besides filthy Feiger originals there's Ray Davies' "The Hard Way". Some fads never die, they just keep making the charts.

**David Arthur



Madness/One Step Beyond/Stiff Ska is the Jamaican R&B-inflected precursor to reggae. And along with fellow ska revivalists the Specials and Selector, Madness is enjoying being in the British top-ten. America is sure to follow. The difference between the others and Madness is in the name, because they're a bit off, you know. A tad more eclectic in embracing styles of music. Reminds me of Ian Dury at his most off-the-wall and charming best. Title cut is killer!**RY

The Pretenders/Pretenders/Sire Nick Lowe produced the Ray Davies song "Stop Your Sobbing", the rest are produced by Chris Thomas. Sounds great already, huh? You're in luck, 'cuz it is.

Chrissie Hynde on guitar and lead vocals does what Suzi Quatro only poses to do and talks dirty like you dream Debbie Harry does (but probably doesn't). Jet-propelled rock'n'roll mostly written by Ms. Hynde which is a cut above the rest. My fave raves are the Davies tune, "Kid" (with its liquid guitar line, wonderfully textured sound and surprising hooks) and a Joni Mitchell-like "Private Life". The Pretenders have everything it takes to become the Pittsburgh Steelers of the radio.

**RY



Chuck Berry/ROCKIT Atco This is a fine album. After that "My Ding-a-Ling" crap of a few years ago, I'd about given up on Chuck Berry but I'm happy to report that Chuck's still got some good rock'n'roll left in him. Nothing too fancy here, and the vintage-style songs like "If I Were" and "Oh What a Thrill" move along quite nicely, thank you. Extra bonus: Johnny Johnson, Chuck's old piano player, is on this album and you can hear his bizarre riffs in clean stereo instead of swimming somewhere in the background like they did on the old Chess singles. Buy this album on principle; listen to it for fun.**David M. Frost

Dirk Hamilton/Thug Of Love/Elektra Dirk has been trying to make it out of the Frisco Bay area for so long now that it's a crime he still hasn't made it yet. His first Lp **You Can Sing On The Left Or Bark On The Right**, on ABC, was a gem of an album which unfortunately went unnoticed. **Alias I** followed and was more a bid at commercial acceptability and nearly as good on its own charming terms, but it too bit the dust. Last year, wearing a new label on his sleeve (Elektra) he produced **Meet Me At The Crux** and even though it was a fairly good Lp it went nowhere mainly due to no advertising to back it up. Which brings us to **Thug Of Love**.

Musically, Hamilton is somewhere between Van Morrison (who he resembles in singing style) and Jackson Browne. Lyrically, he's got the cynical innocence of Holden Caulfield and the dazed enthusiasm of Kerouac. Like Dylan's his verses contain a lot of nonsense before the sensible punchline hits you between the eyes. And although he's never done an Lp as good as that first perfect one the guy's still worth my time and money.

**RY

UFO/No Place To Run/Chrysalis This is UFO's first Lp since losing guitarist Michael Schenker. The guitar lines supplied by his replacement, Paul Chapman, aren't as awe inspiring but the music is. UFO is back doing what it does so well — playing gutsy rock with intelligence. It won't stand up to **Lights Out** but it works for me.

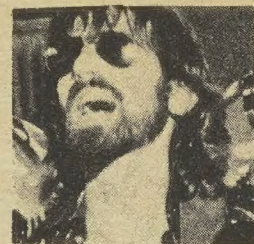
**David Arthur

The Jam/Setting Sons/Polydor

Their fourth Lp is quite like their first. It's got the enthusiasm that I've found lacking in the two in between but it's got the experience the Jam has learned since and the technical finesse too. It's taken me a while longer to get into **Sons** in order to pass judgement but I've finally made up my mind and have decided that I like it. I still find them too entrenched in the English idiom to suit the masses and it seems that the only time Weller & Co. have fun in song is when they do an oldie like "Heatwave".

Professor Longhair/Crawfish Fiesta/Alligator He was one of the men who helped transform R&B into rock'n'roll. He influenced everyone from Fat Domino to Dr. John. He was the sound of the Mardi Gras and sadly he died as this record was being shipped to stores. He hadn't made many albums in his long off-and-on career and none since his 1977 album, **Live On The Queen Mary**. But like a New Orleans funeral let's celebrate him home.

Like a fine gumbo, Fess's music had everything you wanted in it. Rhythm and blues, parade rhythms, calypso, funk, Cuban, and Mexican music as well as traditional New Orleans jazz. And always his trademark yodel for spice. The album produced by Bruce Iglauer who owns Alligator Records features Dr. John on guitar as well as several of Fess's favorite sidemen. Some of his best known tunes are re-done like: "Bald Head" (his first hit in 1949) and "Big Chief". All cuts are excellent party music and the Lp should be the official album of the Winter Olympic Committee.**RY

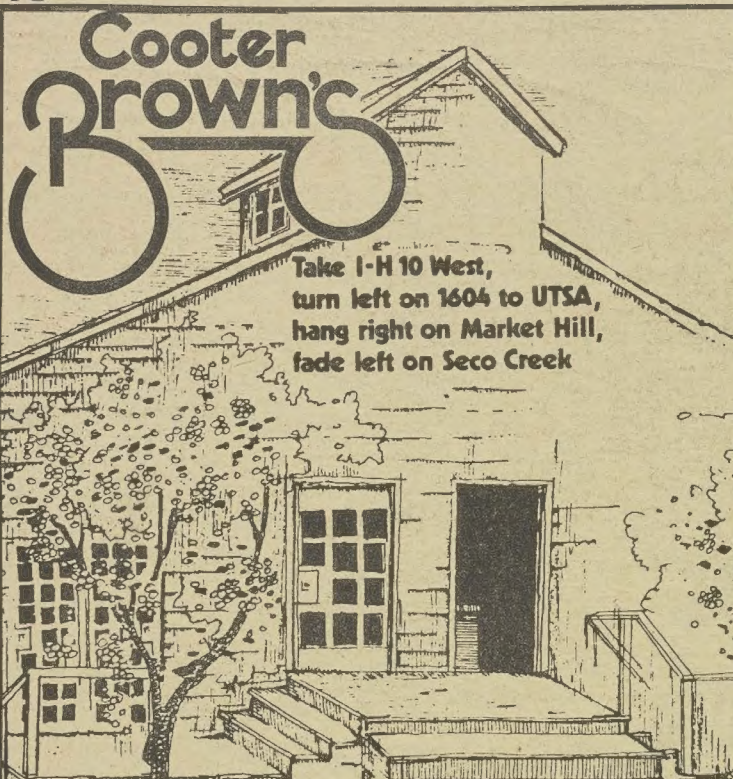


J. Geils Band/Love Stinks/EMI The core of the J. Geils Band's sound has always been tight, raw rhythm and blues. They've always been the kind of band that played rock'n'roll to its fullest in Lps like **Full House** (the ideal live album), **Nightmares** and, of course, the party album, **Bloodshot**.

They broadened their base in the soul-inspired and even more danceable **Hotline** in '75. **Love Stinks** is only their third Lp since then and they've yet to regain their once popular status. The last Lp, **Sanctuary**, was very different from their style, yet with Joe Wissert's production it was a fine record and even went gold. **Monkey Island** and **Love Stinks** are the only self-produced Lps and this is undoubtedly part of their problem.

"Just Can't Wait" is the rockinest cut on here but it sounds too predictable; like a re-working of one of their earlier songs. Overall the songs lack cohesiveness or depth, and cover the same ground musically in songs like "Takin' You Down" and the title.

The album is a shame and a disappointment to me and other Geils fans. At a time when disco is fading like an Earl Scheib paint job but people still want lively dance music it would seem that Geils & Co. should get them on their feet and keep 'em there. Sadly they do not. (B—)**Clyde Kimsey



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30	1 MAY	2	3
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